

Here For You

by PikaGir1260

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, Pitch

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-09-21 18:21:21

Updated: 2014-11-23 02:19:20

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:32:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 19,478

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: All of Hiccup's dreams have finally started to come true; he's managed to fight through all of the hardships that he'd previously faced and make it into the Dreamworks College. And things only get better when he meets Jack, at least until he finds out something that Jack's never intended for anyone to know about.
(Disclaimer: Contains elements of self-harm)

1. Chapter 1: Really a Mirror?

So, just for any of those wondering, there will be multiple P. in this story, each change indicated by a small sub-title in bold which will state just who's eyes the story is being told through. It shouldn't get too confusing, so, with that said, enjoy the story!

* * *

><p>Hiccup's P.O.V

I clutch the key to my dorm firmly in my palm, the cool brass against my skin reminding me that I'm no longer tied to the world that had become my home; now, I'm free to make my own way in life. And it all starts here at Dreamworks College. I've wanted to come here for as long as I can remember; my dream was always to make it here and finally learn my place in the world since, up until now, it's seemed as if my life didn't really have too much meaning. I guess that that was because I had always convinced myself that my life would truly begin when I finally reached the school that I've longed to get into for the entirety of my childhood. And now that I'm finally here and making my way towards my room, where I am to meet my new room-mate who will be spending the next couple of years having to tolerate my terrible studying habits, everything is beginning to feel solid. There's nothing able to stop me any longer; I'm here now and there isn't a thing in the world that can take that away from me any more!

True, in the past, there were distractions along the way, such as the passing of my mother when I was about 9 years of age, the cruel hands of fate tearing her from my life much sooner than she should have left me to fend for myself, my dad not really being much help since he never really cared much for what I wanted to do with my life; he was always trying to get me to be what he wanted and take up his interests. I guess that he eventually gave up when he realized that I possessed my mother's ambitions and ceased trying to influence me in joining in with his hobbies, allowing me the space that I needed to study in order to pass my exams and to even get in. Luckily, it was no challenge as I also acquired my mother's smarts as well, allowing me to fly through them with no troubles whatsoever, firm grades of A's and A+'s scoring me my position in Dreamworks College.

When I manage to pull my mind out of its zoned out state, I hear the steady thump of music sounding from only a few meters away, the hallways bouncing to the beat of what seems to be 'Radioactive' by Imagine Dragons, the melody breaking through the walls and reaching my ears with ease. However, I also manage to pick out the lyrics of 'Pompeii' thrown into the mix and wonder if two different people are playing both songs at the same time, causing them to melt together into a medley that actually sounds really awesome! I can't help but smirk as I tap my long and slender fingers against my thighs as I continue to pace to the room marked on the key, being 2112, the epic mash-up holding it there as it continues to carry me into a state on enjoyment, which only increases when I realize that it's emanating from the door to which my key is intended for, meaning that whomever I am to be sharing a room with is already here and is currently playing some pretty decent music. At least he's got good taste!

Finally slipping my hand onto the silver metal that acts as the handle for the door to the next couple of years of my life, the prickling excitement suddenly pulses through me as I allow true reality to sink in; I'm actually here, in the school of my dreams, about to meet the person of whom I'm going to be sharing this room with for at least the next 2 years that I'm going to be studying at this college. However, as expected, I can't prevent the invading nerves that tingle in my fingertips; what if my room-mate is a complete ass or has no tolerance when it comes to my habits involving studying until at least midnight on most nights? What if I hate him but am stuck with him until the day that I leave here? Oh, Gods, please just give me this; you've managed to mess my life up this much so far, can't you just give me this one?! I guess that I'm not going to find out if my prayers have been heard until I open up the door and finally reveal that person that awaits me inside.

The second that the door so much as cracks open, the pounding chorus of what I can only guess is the 'Pompeii is Radioactive' mash-up that I heard mere seconds ago bellows from the room with a mighty volume that would drown out any possible hopes of having a conversation without feeling the need to compete against the music. I don't mind, however; believe it or not, music was all that I had to fall back on when times were especially tough, many different tracks of hundreds of different genres allowing me to just forget about all of the shit that I was going through and focus on what was good in life. I find that familiar smile tugging at my lips once again as the rough beat consumes my system, my right foot lightly tapping against the thin layer of carpet that lies underneath me, whereas my prosthetic left leg remains stationary. Oh yeah, I guess that's another thing that I

haven't had chance to explain. However, the sight of who's already rooting around in the room for something that he's obviously already lost separates my thoughts from my own form for a while.

Though I can't really identify the features that adorn his face due to his head being buried in a compartment drawer that is nestled at the base of one of the beds, which hugs a small alcove in the wall, I can only make out a few details of his persona. First of all, he's slim, like, really slim. No, seriously, I'm not joking; it's like someone has stripped his bones of their flesh, his slender legs being plastered in a pair of light-chocolate pants which seem to stick to them without any kind of effort at all, but still emphasise the lack of size that they possess. I can only guess that the rest of his form is like this, however, due to his no doubt spindly arms being draped in an over-sized cobalt hoodie, which must be simultaneously drowning his torso, it's difficult for me to know for sure.

Just to make my presence known, I clear my throat in the hope that it will cut through the fading music, the song coming to its conclusion whilst the beat gradually dies down until the room is enveloped in an eerie silence; it doesn't seem right for there to be no steady pounding constantly bouncing about on the walls of the room, a slight element of dismay being concocted within me. However, I'm slightly glad for the impending silence as it grasps at the attention of my room-mate, who's eyebrows furrow almost instantly when he realizes that the music has met its end and that a new track must be launched in order to once again fill the room. It's only when his eyes trail over to the door, do they suddenly widen in slight shock when he notices me standing there with a man-sized duffel bag dangling from my shoulder, dressed in my well-fitting khaki jumper and plain, pitch skinny-jeans that hug both of my legs, the feeling of the denim only felt against my right leg due to my left being nothing but whatever prosthetic limbs are made from. And, as much as I'd like to tell you about how I earned this handicap, I once again get distracted by the new information of his facial features that's presented to me as his glistening azure eyes just remain locked on me.

With soft features that mould effortlessly to expression his current emotion, one of realization passing over his eyes as he recognises that I must be the owner of the other bed in the room, which lies at a 90 degree angle to his and is buried into its own little alcove, I'm forced to wonder what kind of personality he possesses; it's difficult to tell from mere looks alone. As he takes a pace forwards, hauling himself up from his place next the drawer under his own bed, which is already full of a wide assortment of items that I'll probably still never see all of by the time we graduate, the bright light produced from the shimmering bulb overhead catches on his hair. I can barely believe how white it is; I've met platinum blondes before, but this is something else! The messy strands that fly about in almost every direction each seem to glint with a silver essence of freshly fallen snow with each movement that he makes towards me.

"So, you're my room-mate, huh? Good to meet you, I'm Jack. Jack Frost, if you wanna be formal about it. Just to let you know, though, I don't tend to get to sleep until at least midnight." I inwardly breathe a massive sigh of relief as I can finally form an opinion on the guy in front of me, who's made his way over to the dock that his iPod rests upon so that he can skim through his music to find the next track in his arsenal. Finally, someone who won't be pissed off

by my studies, though he might still find it slightly boring of me to do nothing but revise whilst he'll probably be up on the internet, which is undoubtedly supplied here as, if it weren't, there'd probably be a full-on uprising on their hands. Seriously, us teenagers and our internet; if it's so much as taken from us for a few minutes, we turn ravenous for the blood of whomever is depriving us of it. Or is that just me?

"Hiccup. Well, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III if you're still intent on being formal." A smirk of approval seems to crawl its way up the side of Jack's face whilst he continues to fiddle with the bulky piece of tech that lies under his fingertips, since he possesses a proper iPod as opposed to one of those touch-screen ones. Man, I just keep finding more and more upsides to my new room-mate who seems to be able to recognise, and further take, a joke.

"I have come across many names in my time, and yours is probably the best I've ever heard, Hiccup. I think we're going to get on quite well, you and I." Retuning his smirk as a form of slight thanks towards what I think is a compliment, he turns away from me to focus on the lightly illuminated screen of his iPod, his teeth chewing away at his bottom lip, which seems chapped from the amount of times that they must have needed to seek refuge there. And, for some reason that leaves me completely bewildered, I find the subject of his lips to be something that compels me slightly, as if just the sight makes me somewhat curious. What's that about?

"Yeah, well, I hated it for most of my life but, now that I know that my mom had given it to me, I suppose that I've learned to love it," I mutter with a false breath of laughter escaping from my lungs to cover up for the obvious ache that I desperately seek to hide; I don't want Jack thinking that his new room-mate is just some guy who'll never stop going on about his mother's death and will be constantly moping about whenever the subject comes up in conversation. To my relief, my façade seems to have worked when he simply shakes his head, still occupied with what seems to be his endless library of music.

"I think it's pretty awesome! It's unique, I'll give you that, and it's also really fun to say, which is always a good quality in a name, if I'm permitted to say so." Finally, Jack's cerulean irises seem to light up and the grip that his teeth have on his bottom lip tightens in victory, his forefinger flying to the button that will begin the next song of his choice. And, when the music flows from the speakers, I recognise it instantly; it was my favourite song a few months back and, even to this day, it never gets old.

"You're asking permission to compliment my name?" I comment as Jack straightens out since he needed to bend over in order to scan the screen of his iPod due his sheer height, which seems to exceed mine by a couple of inches, the lyrics of 'On Top of the World' by Imagine Dragons taking their rightful place in the surrounding air.

"Well, you know how some people can be; you throw one word of praise their way and they assume that other intentions were stored away behind it." In response, we both lightly chuckle and I can't help but smile when his teeth once again burrow into the right side of his bottom lip, which must be some kind of reflex that occurs whenever he's brought either an element of glee or concentration as these are the only times that I've seen him perform this action. In all

honesty, I find it kind of reassuring as it seems as if he's not afraid to cover up his true personality in order to persuade me that he's going to be the 'perfect' room-mate. I would rather him be true to me than to just act like a completely different person on day one, leaving me to find out about all of his flaws later on.

Eventually, he notices that I'm tapping either my foot or my fingers in time to the music and a crooked smile weaves onto his lips whilst one of his slender hands tugs through his hair, before resuming with whatever he was doing when I entered, not faltering in holding a conversation in doing so as I also begin what will most likely be the next hour's worth of unpacking. "So, you like Imagine Dragons?" He somewhat calls over the music, his voice obviously muffled from being buried in that drawer once again, as if he's still intent on finding whatever it is that he's looking for. And, of course, I don't miss the bottom of his lip tucked in slightly whilst concentration paints itself over his features, his eyebrows furrowing as he increases his focus whilst rooting around in the drawer.

"Yeah! Their music got me through exams so I owe them a lot." I can't help but reminisce back to when the sturdy, yet expertly crafted, rhythms to each of their songs allowed me to focus my mind in order to really get into my studies, making those seemingly painful hours of revising the same thing over and over that little less intolerable. However, it was all worth it in the end; I'm in the college of my dreams, sharing a room with possibly one of the best people that they could've chosen! I mean, how often is it that you find yourself paired with someone who shares, not only your insane sleeping patterns, but also your taste in music, humour and even personality; though we probably differ in many ways, I can't help but feel as if him and I are extremely alike. Strange, huh?

"True that; I'd listen to them whenever I got a break. I'd never be able to study whilst listening, though, 'cause I'd always get lost in the music. Though it probably sounds crazy, I can't help but feel as if the lyrics connect to me in some sense some of the time," he seems to wistfully sigh whilst he brings his head up out of the drawer, his irises glistening with what looks to be an element of wholeness that can only be brought about by divulging yourself in the music completely and utterly.

"That's not crazy; I feel like that all of the time. I guess it offers me escapism from reality, which is always appreciated to be frank." Though I catch his eyebrows folding into slight confusion towards my words, I keep my head directed towards my duffel bag as I begin to unearth the clothes that I must place in their respectable drawers, which are stationed underneath a decently-sized plasma-screen TV that takes its place on the lightly coloured wood. Knowing that it's unlikely that he'll be able to beckon forth any answers from me, Jack redirects his gaze back towards the drawer under his bed, before he finally ensnares something in his palm.

"Gotcha!" He exclaims with slight pride lacing his tone, once again stirring the curiosity within me; just what was he looking for in there that's so small and next to invisible amidst all of his other articles, yet also seems to hold some kind of importance?

"What were you looking for?" I accidentally let the question tumble out of my mouth before I'm able to halt it, the music not providing

any help in covering up the unintentionally asked statement, much to my dismay. I hate nosy people, being nosy or openly creating a statement that makes me seem nosy. Gods, I really hope that he doesn't mind me asking!

"Oh, it's nothing!" He utters much quicker than I'd like, merely causing the welling interest towards whatever object is stored in Jack's palm to increase to the point where I cave in and admit it to myself. I'm being nosy. I merely give him a pleasant nod before he quickly scurries off to the en-suite, not asking any further questions as I once again direct my attention back toward my bag, which seems to look even more daunting than it did before I started taking any of my clothes out. However, just before I continue my job of unpacking, my gaze flickers to the ajar bathroom door, where I catch what seems to be a flash of silver between Jack's fingers, before he stores whatever reflective item that he has possession of away into the confines of the cupboard, which must rest over the sink just like most bathroom storage units. What was that just now? Why would Jack have a mirror that small? Then again, why would Jack need a mirror at all when there's one in both our room and, obviously, the bathroom, which I deduce from how Jack begins gazing forwards and pawing at his hair? The more that I think about it, was that really a mirror?

* * *

><p>***AN*****

**Hey there my AMAZING readers, and welcome to a fanfiction based around the king of OTPs! Now, I know that I already have a Hijack fanfic already up, but this one is a much more modern spin on things without all of the flame-spitting reptiles and such. However, this story does take on quite a serious tone quite early on, as explained in the blurb, and it's actually an issue that I've never faced. Therefore, if I don't get it right later on, then I apologize (I don't really know anyone with this issue, nor have I suffered through it myself)**

**Anyhoo, I hope that what this story is based around doesn't throw you off, but just to warn you, it's not for the faint of heart. I can't wait to get feedback, follows and favourites on this story since I love reading comments and such; it makes me feel as if I can interact with you guys better that way ^u^**

**So, until next time, when we find out a little more about both Jack and Hiccup, as well as meet some unfriendly faces...**

**Peace out, my lovely peeps! XxX**

2. Chapter 2: Our Past

Glad to see you back here, my lovely peeps! I'd just like to say-

Jack: Hey!

Hiccup: Hi!

Jack: Are we late?

Hiccup: I think we might be...

Author: You ruined my intro, guys!

Hijack: Oh! S-sorry...

Author: Good boys! Now... Say the thing! -gives intimidating glare-

Hijack: Enjoy the chapter...

Author: That was so unenthusiastic! *tch, amateurs*

__I hope you enjoy this chapter where things get worse, which can only lead to them getting better, right? Anyhoo, have fun reading and I'll be waiting in the author's note with these two morons!__

__Hijack: Morons?!__

* * *

><p>Jack's P.O.V

With a heavy-hearted sigh, I pry open the small cabinet that finds its place over the pristine white sink, snaking my hand inside as quickly as possible so that Hiccup, my new room-mate, doesn't catch sight of the razor that I'm tucking away in the hope that he'll never discover it; I don't want him thinking that I'm a depressed lunatic who loves pain since I actually quite like him and long with most of my heart to get along with him. If he ever found out about my 'issues', then he'd probably never speak to me again! So, for now, all of this stays a secret, hidden away like the razor for as long as I can possibly keep it from him. With one final comb of my nimble fingers through the silver nest that serves as my hair, observing my complexion in the mirror to find my eyes looking overly tired, as per the usual, I make my way out of the bathroom, being sure to cover up my disheartened state with a signature cheeky smirk that's sure to eliminate anything that might suggest to Hiccup that I'm being brought down by something. I just have to act as if everything's fine when I'm around him; if I can do that, then I might finally have a shot at a_ normal_ friendship.

Hiccup observes me with innocent forest-green eyes as I emerge from the bathroom, my hair undoubtedly strewn all over the place unlike his, which is that kind of auburn mess that everyone wishes that they had; every strand falls so randomly, it creates an element of perfection, something that I envy greatly. What I wouldn't give for my hair to set upon my head as effortlessly as his, which, upon closer observation, has two miniature braids poking out from underneath the thick layers of auburn.

"You ready to get going?" I ask, my voice slicing through the silence as there is no longer any music playing; for some reason, my iPod decided to glitch out a few months back, so, whenever a song concludes, instead of skipping to the next track in the library, it instead just ends abruptly and leaves silence in its wake. However, as the words leave my lips, Hiccup's eyes seem to widen in confusion,

which encourages a laugh, that I must suppress in order to refrain from insulting him.

"Going where?!" He exclaims, completely oblivious to what I'm inferring as he can't have been informed of the event that all new students must take part in when college begins, a fact that brings me confusion as there should be no reason for him not being aware. However, since he seems to be completely perplexed, I guess that it's my job to tell him.

"To the Student Meet and Greet. It begins in a few minutes and every one of us who're new to the college have to attend. Sorry, but your undies are going to have to wait a while." At my statement, bringing me extreme entertainment due to how quickly it happens, the pink in Hiccup's face deepens into a vibrant crimson that flares through his freckled cheeks, his hands instantly fumbling around for the zip on his bag to conceal the pair of white boxers that are poking out of it. When he finally tugs it to a close, I allow myself to release a light chuckle that instantly eases him, the scarlet colour draining from his cheeks, even though a steady pink remains as the aftermath, making his chocolate dapples even more prominent as they were barely visible against the previous ruby hue.

"Huh, how come I wasn't told about it?" Hiccup seems to mutter under his breath, as if talking to nobody but himself as he rises to his feet with confusion now masking his features, as if the riddle of him not being informed about the Meet and Greet is really something worth pondering over. Not knowing if that question was intended for me or not, I answer him all the same, just to see if I can encourage that adorable blossom of scarlet back into his cheeks. Wait... adorable?

"Beats me! I guess they knew that your amazing new room-mate would have you covered." To my unknown slight disappointment, no blush is beckoned onto his face, however, he does emit a giggle that causes something within me to take a sudden lurch, as if my heart is on an escape mission and is desperately trying to force its way out of my chest. What the heck is going on with me?!

"Ah, what would I do without you, eh?" He murmurs whilst playfully nudging me in the ribs with his elbow, both of us acting as we've known each other for five years as opposed to five minutes; I can't remember the last time that I got on so well with someone to the point where, it actually began to have an effect on me internally as well. Is this what having a friend feels like?

"Come on!" I encourage, my hand grappling around his slender forearm and tugging him along behind me. However, my heart takes another startling leap when I realize that the sleeve of my hoodie is tugging up slightly, to which I respond by abruptly forcing it back down before Hiccup can even notice anything; I can't let him know! Not yet; I finally have a friend and I don't want what's under these sleeves to ruin that! With yet another sweet giggle, Hiccup begins to match my pace, allowing me to release his arm once he's finally out of the surprise of being randomly dragged from his seat and abruptly out into the hallway without any sense of warning.

"Please don't make a habit out of doing that!" He pleases, beckoning forth a chuckle that bounces off of the walls as it unites with one of Hiccup's, until our laughter becomes a unified force that tackles

the air together. There are few things that I really enjoy in life ever since I started suffering from what I'm slowly beginning to get over, but there's one thing that I am completely and utterly sure of. I really enjoy hearing the sound of our laughter.

Before long, Hiccup and I arrive at a heavily packed room that barely has any space for either of us to move about, my hand finding his wrist so that we don't get separated from each other in this over-flowing swamp of people. He doesn't seem to protest against my logic, following along behind me as I try to find us just a small area that will allow for us to breathe, my efforts for nothing as I come to the conclusion that no such place exists here in this moment in time, the air filled with nothing but the voices of exasperated teenagers who all fangirl over the fact that they actually got in, as well as complain about or praise their new room-mate. In that aspect, I can admit that I've been extremely lucky, I don't think that I'd have gotten along with anyone else just as much I have been with Hiccup so far; there's just something about him that really appeals to me, though I get a headache when trying to figure out what it is. Either that or all of the noise is getting to me.

"I didn't expect it to be this busy!" I call over the swelling commotion as each new person in the room makes the very same comment that I just did to whomever they are partnered by, each voice trying to compete with the others which sends the volume through the roof! With a hearty laugh, Hiccup begins nodding as his eyes scan the crowd, an element of what seems to be complete wonder crowding his emerald irises like the way that people swarm about in this room.

"This is the college of most people's dreams so I'm not really surprised. This is amazing!" I don't manage to catch most of his sentence, since his voice is drowned out by the many others that wage war upon each other, each one screaming to be heard over the others. Literally. However, there is one voice that I do hear, one that's different to any that I've heard so far and lies only a little to my left, right next to Hiccup.

"Oh, look who it is! It's the little fish-bone." As I turn on the spot in the direction of the new, and seemingly gruff, voice, I instantly notice the welling panic that's beginning to cloud over the gleeful nature that Hiccup's irises previously possessed to make way for the fear that's directed towards this new speaker. He mechanically turns to face the male behind him, and I also allow my gaze to fall into that direction.

Towering over him by at least half a foot, stands a bulky male, who's muddy-brown hair shoots about in most directions, the unhygienic image that creates his persona being even further emphasised by the shadow of stubble that lines his jaw, bristles of hair aggressively peppering his lower face in an ugly mess that just looks downright awful. How the heck would a guy like Hiccup know someone like this?! And, more importantly, how did a thug like the one standing before us get into a school such as Dreamworks College?!

"Snotlout. How nice it is to see you again." Though I know that Hiccup's trying to wear a brave face in order to mask his obvious fear towards this clearly more muscular male, I can detect the wavering worry that flits about in his eyes and instantly hypothesise that whomever this guy is, he's caused trouble to Hiccup in the

past.

"Likewise, Haddock. Oh, by the way, how's your mom?" Instantly, without even having to take one look at his face, I can sense his body stiffen under the hand that's still gently wrapped around his wrist, whilst a menacing smile twists onto Snotlout's lips as he watches Hiccup's mask begin to crumble away. And, when my eyes eventually do seek out Hiccup's features, I find his irises quivering with what is obviously pain, sorrow also thrown into the torrent that's currently swirling around in the mint orbs that adorn his face. Allowing me no time to comfort him, even though I have no idea as to what's going on, Hiccup tears his wrist from me and plunges into the crowd almost instantly, fleeing from the scene before his emotions can control him any more. "Crybaby," Snotlout remarks with a horrid tone of no regret lacing his voice before striding away and leaving me alone in the crowd.

"Hiccup," I murmur under my breath before taking off after him, worry filling my system at his reaction towards Snotlout's words, the sight of his face moulding into utter pain replaying over and over in my head as I make my way back to the room, since I'm sure that this is where he's retreated to. Please don't let me see you cry.

When I finally reach the room once again, I decide to press my ear to the door just so that I can get an understanding of whether Hiccup is even in there at all, though the result is hearing something that I wish that I hadn't: Hiccup's sobs, muffled by the distance between him and the door that separates us. Just hearing his weeping makes something within me twist to the point of agony, as if his emotional pain is actually physical for me. Though I don't understand it, it makes me feel connected to him in some fashion, something that actually brings me slight satisfaction to consider, even though my mind is unable to fathom why.

Taking it slow, I gently curl my fingers around the silver handle of the door, the cool metal nipping at my palm as if warning me to stay away, like it doesn't wish for me to console Hiccup at all. I then proceed to open an entrance for my body to slip through, hoping that I won't draw his attention since he probably ran away to conceal his tears from as many people as possible, including myself. Even still, I have a rough idea as to what has caused him to fall into this enveloping aura of sadness as I'm determined to drag him out before it's too late and his sorrow consumes him; I've had such a thing happen to me before and it's what encouraged me to begin that which I am desperately trying to rid myself of.

"Jack," Hiccup whimpers through his sobs as his glazed eyes find my form entering through the doorway, softly closing it behind me and sealing out the world that sent him into this state in the first place, my face holding care within my features as I advance towards him. I watch as he brings his right arm up to his face, the heel of his hand thrusting the tears away from his waterline before any more are able to fall in my presence, which I can't blame as I know how it feels to just want to hide away and cry in private. Only when I take a seat next to him, does he look me directly in the face, a crooked smile that looks way too forced pulling at his lips. "I didn't want you to see me cry," he murmurs with a trembling voice, one that once again sends a shock of pain right through my middle, like someone has struck me with a spear of ice at my core.

"You don't have to hide your emotions from me, Hiccup; I've felt them all, believe me," I reply, my tone laced with sympathy as I allow my eyes to meet with his quivering irises, the variety of different greens being manipulated by the glaze of tears to shimmer in the light. Thankfully, my words seem to spark some kind of self-confidence within him, and he proceeds to let a single silver bead slip out of his eye, not a trace of uncertainty within them any more. It seems as if he really trusts me with his pain, something for which I'm grateful; all I want to do is see him smile, hear that laugh unified with my own again. But, in order to do that, I need to know what it is that I can't say that may upset him once again; whatever Snotlout inferred about his mother is probably a subject that I should avoid. "What happened? To your mom, I mean." With a shaky sigh, Hiccup's head tilts downwards, and I manage to spot another droplet as it races towards his jeans, the denim absorbing it until I can no longer see its silver gloss. Is what he's about to reveal to me really that scarring that it's enough to beckon forth the tears again?

"I guess I should've seen that question coming. Well, you're going to be spending the next two years sharing this room with me so you might as well know. When I was nine, my mom and I went out one day for my birthday and, with dad at work, it was just us. Even though the weather was terrible and the rain was so thick that you couldn't even see in front of your face, she still insisted on taking me to my favorite pizza place to celebrate. Everything was fine until the drive back; since the roads were completely soaked with rain, mom lost control on a turning and the car slid into the other lane, instantly colliding with the oncoming cars on the other side of the road. My mom was the only one who died; I was salvaged from the wreck by the paramedics. Well, most of me was." Feeling as if someone has reached their hand into my chest and torn my heart in two due to enduring Hiccup's devastating past memories, I just remain silent as he folds himself over until his fingers curl around the base of his left trouser-leg. And, when he tugs it up, I can't help but gasp in slight shock; it's fake!

"You lost your leg?" I somewhat breathe, unable to cope with this much shocking and disturbing news all at once, my brain not sure how to react, leaving my body to desperately improvise in order to allow Hiccup to know that I actually have emotions. He nods glumly in response and lets the fabric fall from his fingers, which soon find his hair whilst they run through the strands.

"You would've found out sooner or later, I guess. So, that's my story. What about you, Jack?" Still in shock from the tale of his mother's terrible death, I guess that I hadn't thought about him even considering to ask me about my past, which isn't really something that I'd wish to dwell on. However, I think about how painful it must have been for Hiccup to relive that moment in his life, and the words tumble from my mouth.

"I grew up with a father that hated me because, when my mother gave birth to me, something went wrong as she ended up dying. I don't know what it was and he never even gave me a chance to find out, though he'd remind me of it every day of my life. So many times I considered running away from that place, to escape the horrid pain that he put me through every day. That's why I look forward to school; it was something that could provide me with that window of freedom away from his abuse. But that's not exactly what happened; nobody liked me,

talked to me and some didn't even glance my way. I was always picked on for being 'the freak with the white hair' and often spent my time sat at the back of the class on my own, hating the world. It's been that way for my entire life, feeling worthless and unwanted, but now that I'm here, I'm finally away from all of that." Now I see that it's Hiccup's turn to look completely shocked by my life, which, now that I think about it, has been pretty tragic in all honesty. I mean, any life that would push you to the point of depression has to suck, right? However, an unexpected sensation of fingers curling around my own makes warmth begin to prickle inside of me, as I look down to see Hiccup's freckled-covered hand grasping onto my own, providing an element of comfort that I've never been faced with before.

"You're not alone any more, Jack; I'm here for you," he murmurs, suddenly enveloping me in a hug as his free arm laces around me, my torso being pulled towards him until our bodies meet with one another, a gentle heat being emitted from Hiccup as I bury my face into his shoulder, finally letting the tears fall from my eyes. For the first time in my life, I have someone willing to look out for me, stand up for me and, most importantly, befriend me.

"Thank you, Hiccup."

* * *

><p>***AN*****

**AwwwwEEEEEEEEEEEE! I'm sorry, is it wrong to squeal at my own fanfiction? I'll stop now...**

**But still, am I the only one who finds this so adorable, yet so heart-wrenching at the same time?! But hey, at least you know a little bit about their pasts and why they've become who they are, so that's good, right? Right?!**

**Also, who honestly guessed that Snotlout would be the dick of the story? Because if you did, you're still wrong, HA!**

**Jack: *don't you think that's a bit harsh***

**Author: What was that?! -evil glare-**

**Jack: Oh, um... N-nothing *help me out here, Hic***

**Hiccup: H-huh? Why're you involving ****me _in this?!_**

Jack: Because half of this fanfiction is about you, therefore, you have to take the fall for me sometimes *this being one of them*

Hiccup: Argh, Jack, I can't believe you!

Jack: Love you too -smiles sweetly-

Hiccup: -rolls eyes-

Author: Boys?! -double evil glare-

Hiccup: Whaaaaaat? -innocent pouts-

_Author: -facepalm-__

**_See ya'll in the next chapter; I need to sort these two out
-pounds fist on palm-__**

Peace out, my lovely peeps Xxx *get here you two*

Hijack: RUN!

3. Chapter 3: Reflection

Hijack: Watup guys! How's y'all?

Author: Guys, now you're too early!

Hiccup: I told you, Jack!

_Jack: Oh, I'm sorry! Why does everything have to be my
fault?!_

Hiccup: Because it usually is?

_Author: Guys, please; I'm trying to welcome the readers and you're
both bickering with each other! It's so unprofessional!_

Hijack: Sorry...

Author: Thank you! Now-

Jack: -Enjoy the chapter!

_Author: FOR GODS' SAKE, JACK! RUIN MY LIFE WHY DON'T
YOU?!_

Hijack: -in hysterics-

Author: *I'll get you when you least expect it*

_Enjoy the chapter ^u^ If there's not an author's note after this,
it's because I've killed these two -evil glare-_

Hijack: Wait... WHAT?!

* * *

><p>Jack's P.O.V

As per usual, class tends to drag by in a painful pace that's made even more torturing due to the absence of a certain Hiccup, who's in every single one of classes save for the one that I'd require him in most; Mathematics is such a boring subject and, without him around to brighten my mood or keep me entertained, here I shall sit in silence, pondering over the existence of the world and whatnot. Anything's better than listening to the teacher go _on _and_ on _in that drab, monotonous voice that could be used to put anyone to sleep. However, much to my relief, class doesn't last forever, the heavenly chime of the bell signalling the end of the lesson, by which time, I'm already half-way out of the room with backpack at the ready, not prepared to

spend another second in this classroom after I'm no longer required to. As of now, I'm to be meeting with Hiccup in the Study Lounge so that he can go on about all of the things that he's learned, whereas I'll just sit there and nod as if I understand, whilst I'm really thinking about him in general. I really thought that it took longer than a month to fall for someone, however, with Hiccup, I soon realized that I did on the first day, hard and fast without any kind of warning to alert me that I'd be crazily besotted with my own room-mate. That's just another thing that I'll add to the pile of Things That I'm Never Going To Tell Hiccup About, right up there with my self-harming issue, which I'm actually starting to conquer; ever since I began learning here, the lust to cave into my own thoughts has seemed to dwindle to the point where I don't feel the urge to inflict pain upon myself any more.

Just as I exit the classroom, beginning my journey to the Study Lounge, a chilling voice that I remember all too clearly and hoped that I'd never hear again for the duration of my life sounds from behind me, seeming as if his lips are right next to my ear since his voice slices through the silence, which has grown to become deadly. Then again, it's all probably in my head; there are people bustling about all over the place, however, all I can hear is him.

"Well... If it isn't Jack Frost! My, I thought I'd never have the misfortune to run into you again. Tell me, how's things with your dearest father? I'm oh so anxious to know; we haven't spoken since... elementary was it?" My hands tighten themselves into fists whilst the rest of my body goes slightly tense at the words being spoken to me, ones filled with that same sense of mocking malice that drove me into depression when I was merely a child, though I didn't really understand what it was that I was starting back then and, to this day, I regret what I begun all of those years ago. Self-harming's not an easy habit to overcome. Even still, I mechanically turn to face the owner of the voice that I've loathed for most of my life, a menacing smirk curling on his thin lips.

"You can't bully me about any more, Pitch, so don't even try it!" I aggressively snap a little louder than intended, drawing the attention of a few passer-bys until more and more focus is collected upon us, as if our bickering is really worth their time; this is none of their business so why can't they just stay out of it?

"Oh, looks like the little snowflake finally got a voice! I think I preferred it when you were that pathetic imbecile who couldn't even look my way without quivering in fear. Then again, looking at you, I see that not much has changed really; you're still as worthless as you always were." Though I try my hardest to push his words out of my head and into the corner where I bottle it all up in the hope that it'll never find a way out, I can't seem to do it, and they immediately begin to take effect, the backs of my eyes beginning to sting with angry tears that are beckoned forward; he has no right to pick on me any more, so what's the point?! Why can't he just leave me alone?! "Ha, did I strike a nerve? Oh, don't cry, Jack; the truth hurts, I know, but we both know that that's just what it is. The truth. You're a useless, pathetic wimp and a disappointment to the woman that you killed." Just like someone has shot me through the heart, all air is sucked from my lungs as the impact of his words hits me in a head-on collision, those tears threatening to overflow from their place as he infers that it was my fault that my mother died when I was born! However, since nobody around us knows the full

context, they all begin murmuring among themselves, words such as 'kill' and 'freak' cropping up in some of their muted whispers that taunt my emotions, hatred towards everything welling up within me to the point where I can barely control it.

Unable to take any more of the snide remarks, I flee from the scene before anyone can get a glimpse of my face, which is progressively becoming stained by my tears as they finally sneak out of my eyes whilst my mind replays Pitch's words over and over until I finally reach the room, my lungs gasping for air as I swing the door open with such a force, it seems as if it would fly right off of its hinges. As soon as I slip into my dorm, I slam it behind me with a rough push, all of my strength being channeled from the pulsing anger that's constantly building within me. 'Pathetic', 'worthless', 'disappointment'. All of these cruel words belonging to Pitch whip about inside my head as my body continues its way across the room, every ounce of resolve that was keeping me standing melting away when I'm finally locked away in the bathroom with a razor-blade trapped between my fingers, my back pressed against the door whilst I gaze down in despair. Staring at my own face in the reflection of the surface, the light twinkling off of the silver and into my eyes, I notice that they're as dull and lifeless as I feel inside. But I look more than lost or hurt; I look pathetic. Pitch's right; I'm just a worthless waste of space who doesn't deserve what I have. With no further hesitation, I tug away my sleeve and carve a couple of fresh trails of scarlet into the underside of my left forearm.

****Hiccup's P.O.V****

I arch my back, allowing it to crack in various places as I'm finally able to relax after a long day full of all of the classes that require my full attention if I even hope to get so much as a pass. In all honesty, I didn't expect college to be as difficult as this, however, I'm not dismayed by the increase of pressure in any way; I know that I can handle whatever they have to throw my way. Some may call me over-confident, but I say that there's no such thing. However, one thing that has slightly interested me today, as well as sent a spike of worry into my system, is that Jack wasn't present for the second half of the day; we both agreed to meet up after he'd finished Math, however, he never showed up, much to my own confusion as he's never been late, let alone absent altogether! Now, as I make my way back to our dorm room, I can feel the anxiety prickling at my fingertips, which gingerly curl around the handle of our door as soon as I get there, the metal only adding to the nipping feeling that races through my palms. For Jack to not turn up is beyond strange; it's worth panicking about.

As I gently open the door until a gap is created for me to slip through, I instantly cease making any kind of noise when my eyes fall to Jack's bed, his body curled up under the protective encasement of covers that form a shell around him and cuddle against his limbs. Has he been here ever since class ended and, if so, why? I can only deduce that something happened that caused him to retreat back here, be it a sudden wave of illness or something more. Until he wakes up, I'm not going to get an answer from him; I'm definitely not a fan of the idea of rousing him since he seems to be sleeping so peacefully, whispering breaths being forced from his slightly parted lips as he inhales and exhales. As I advance towards his bed, I can't help but notice how sweet he looks; it's as if he's no longer a college student, more like a restless child who's finally managed to get

their head down after a long day of causing all kinds of trouble. This child-like quality that his face possesses in sleep is what sends a smile onto my face, one that doesn't fade as I carry on towards the bathroom after giving his hair a light tousle with my fingers, an action that doesn't seem to bother him in the slightest, though his eyelids twitch a little from the unexpected contact.

When I reach the en-suite, I decide to myself that I might as well take a shower to clear my mind; tonight's going to be a long night of studying which will probably meet its end when the sun rises to signal tomorrow morning; with all of the classes that I'm taking and each new assignment that I'm being set, I need much more than just a few hours to get everything done! However, it's just as I'm adjusting the water temperature and checking it with my bare hand, do I notice something catch the light from the corner of the room, a flicker of silver bouncing into my eyes as if wanting to be recognized by me. I neglect the shower and pace towards the only thing that holds a place in the corner by the door, being the little wicker bin that's tucked away just slightly to the left of the sink in case we ever feel the need to use it. There's not really much in there, however, there's still something that's beckoning for my attention, the glare no longer in my eyes but occasionally dipping in to say 'hello' as I advance towards it.

When I get to the bin, I crouch down until my weight is balanced on the ball of my foot whilst my prosthetic one remains fixed in place, meaning that I won't have to worry about toppling over since it usually does a good job in holding me up. Just as I'm scooping my hand into the basket that acts as our disposal unit for this specific room, I can't help but wonder what it was that could possibly lie within here; does it perhaps have something to do with whatever I saw flickering in the light in Jack's hand when we first met? Though it's doubtful, there's no denying that it's a possibility; I've not thrown anything reflective in here so it has to belong to Jack, right?

A sudden slice of pain causes me to whip my arm out of the bin with a sharp hiss as the sensation crawls over the nerves of my hand, beads of ruby blossoming on my palm where the mysterious object lies, the one that I would've took more caution in retrieving if I knew about it's true form. My hand instantly dives for a spare roll of toilet paper, which I loop around my palm several times in order to put a halt to the sudden outbreak of bleeding that has been beckoned forth from the item that I've now dropped as an instinct of it bringing me harm. However, once the wound is concealed, the scarlet liquid instantly seeping through the pristine white of my make-shift paper bandage, I actually realize what it is that I've just pulled from the basket. It's a razor blade.

Something within my stomach suddenly goes tight, every inch of my insides screwing themselves up into an agitated ball with every passing second that I spend staring at the blade that lies so innocently on the floor in front of me, its silver surface tainted crimson with the blood that it drew forth from my hand upon me ensnaring it in my grasp. Why on Earth is there a razor in our bin?! I know for a fact that this isn't mine, which only intensifies the sickening feeling that's constantly tugging on my insides with every breath that I take; this belongs to Jack, or it did before he threw it away. I can't even begin to understand why he has something like this in his possession; he doesn't exactly seem like the kind of guy to grow facial hair, therefore, why bother having a razor in the

first place?! Then, my mind thinks of something wild that I choose to dismiss out of the sheer reluctance to believe that what I'm theorizing is true; there's no way that Jack would ever self-harm! I mean, he's never showed any signs of ever being down or depressed, so it's impossible that this razor belonged to him just so that he had means of cutting himself. I refuse to accept that this is what this object has been used for; Jack's not like that. Right?

Pushing all thoughts of the razor out of my mind, throwing it back to its rightful place within the depths of the trash with a high distaste for what's it's implanted into my mind, I flee from the bathroom and slam the door behind me on the way out, forgetting about a sleeping Jack, who jumps out of sleep with a startled yelp as the crash of the door colliding with its frame seems to echo around the room. His panicked cerulean eyes fly about for a few seconds, still in their dazed states, even though they're bright and alert since one is always wary when they're forced out of sleep so suddenly and rudely. However, as soon as his gaze spots my form pressed against the door, my breaths coming out silently ragged so that he doesn't catch on that I'm out of sorts in this moment, his eyes soften and he tugs a slender hand through his nest of silver, which is strewn about due to being slept on for the past few hours.

"Hey, Hic! How long you been here?" His voice alone allows me to recover from my own thoughts as I engage him in a casual conversation, dismissing everything that I theorized earlier as his positive and upbeat tone that jokes about with me forces them away. Whilst he explains his reasoning for coming back to the room so early, being that he got a killer head-ache and wanted to rest up a bit so that he could get some studying in tonight, a gleeful tone is plastered to each and every word that passes from his lips, causing me to feel like such an idiot for considering what I did when I found that razor. There's no way that Jack self-harms; his positivity is enough to retract my mind from the dry blood that was already coating the edge of the blade before I slit my palm open. That could easily have gotten there by accident; it's so easy to cut yourself on a razor without any intentions of doing so, which is what I've managed to find out the hard way.

Yet, no matter how hard I try to ignore it, the feeling is always there, gnawing away at the back of my mind like the pain that I'm starting to identify within Jack's eyes, wavering as they flicker with what seemed to be glee before. Maybe there's more to my room-mate than anyone knows. For now, though, I'll remain silent; I don't want to go asking questions that may hurt his mood since he seems to be feeling so upbeat in this moment in time. Oh, Jack, please don't let me see that smile fade.

* * *

><p>***AN*****

**I hope you enjoyed yet another episode of Shingeki no Feels! We don't have Titans, just Hijack...**

**Jack: What do you mean just Hijack?!**

**Hiccup: Yeah; we're the protagonists here so we deserve some love!**

**Author: Do you want me to include Titans then? 'Cause things would get awful ugly if I did -evil glare-**

**Jack: Nope, we're good! Who wants to fight Titans when you can spend all day and night studying anyway?**

**Hiccup: Very true, Jack. **

**Author: I knew that I'd finally find something for all of us to agree on!**

**Anyhoo, I'd can't wait to see you all in the next chapter when the fluff train** **FINALLY leaves the station!**

**Peace out, my lovely peeps XxX**

**Hijack: What's a fluff train?**

**Author: Oh, you'll see soon enough :D**

**Hijack: That can't be good -sweatdrop-**

4. Chapter 4: His Scars

_So I'm back guys with yet another chapter, one that I've been looking forward to more than you will ever know... _

I don't think I've written fluff on this site before so I'd love to hear what you think of the way that I write it; I love writing it so much and getting it right to the point where people will be squealing from the cuteness. If I managed to do that, then let me know in the comments; I can't wait to find out if I did a thing ;)

Author: OK, boys, you can speak now!

Jack: Finally! I thought I'd collapse if I held my breath for much longer!

Hiccup: Urm, you didn't have to hold your breath, Jack; you just had to keep quiet.

Jack: Yeah but when it comes to Emily, you can never be too careful!

Author: He's right, you know. At least one of you has your head on straight!

Hiccup: If you're trying to intimidate me... it's working.

Author: Though it might -bitter sweet smile-

Hijack+Author: **ENJOY THE CHAPTER!**

* * *

><p>Jack's P.O.V

"So, what do you feel like watching tonight? I mean, sure, there's

loads of new films, but I feel like watching something a little older." Hiccup makes me giggle as he flicks through my endless collection of films, where I've managed to collect so many that it's becoming hard to keep track of what I already have and what there's still to buy. Ever since he turned up after the long day of college that he must have partook in, my mood has finally began to pick up once again, as if his presence is a sure-fire way of providing me with happiness; there's just something about him that always leaves a smile tickling on my lips whenever he's around. He slightly turns his head until his emerald eyes peek over his shoulder in questioning, my response being a casual shrug of my shoulders since I'm terrible of thinking on the spot; if I knew that we'd be watching a film tonight, I would've thought ahead! "You're so unhelpful, Jack!" He moans with the joking tone that I can't help but love coating his voice with each word, beckoning laughter from both of us until the room is filled with the sound that I fell for on the first day, being our unified giggles as they float through the silence. "Just name any film. Anything at all," he encourages, turning back towards the drawer that contains the majority of the DVDs that I own, the sound of his index finger slipping between the gaps, that are created by the space between each box, as it runs over the many different titles in front of him being heard from across the room. Soon enough, I can't take being awkwardly silent any more, and just blurt out the first film title that comes to my head.

"Rise of the Guardians. How about that?" As if shocked by my choice in entertainment, Hiccup quickly turns from his place in front of the drawers to meet my gaze, an excited glint bounding about in the mint flecks of his irises whilst a smirk crawls onto his mouth, which is slightly ajar to reveal a couple of his perfectly-crafted teeth.

"I didn't think you'd be into that sort of film, Jack!" He exclaims, causing me to laugh once more whilst he turns back in order to find the film of my selection; why would he think that I'm not into those sorts of DVDs? Have I really created an image of myself that doesn't seem to be into those kinds of films that people say are for kids, when they're obviously not since many around my age still enjoy them?

"I'll have you know it's one of my favorites!" I retort with sarcastic hurt lacing my tone, Hiccup's laughter breaking from him as he registers my statement, as well as the way in which it's said. Man, his laugh. Seriously, I find it hard to believe that I've never fallen for another guy before; with Hiccup, it just feels so natural to be completely infatuated with him!

"What, because you look exactly like the main character?" He murmurs with that same laugh filling his tone, though the actual words themselves cause my mouth to hang open in denial, which only stretches out the smile that plasters Hiccup's face as entertainment towards my reaction is encouraged.

"No I don't!" I protest, tearing myself from my place on Hiccup's bed, since it's the one that faces the TV at a better angle to observe the screen, before planting myself on the floor next to Hiccup, who's fished out my Rise of the Guardians DVD and is indicating towards the obvious protagonist on the front of the box, breaths of laughter never ceasing as I try to cover up my slight shock; I never realized how alike we are before! "OK, I take it back; we're exactly alike! Holy shit, that's weird!" It seems that with

every new sentence that I emit, Hiccup's brought an element of glee that merely beckons forth even more laughter, his smile manipulating the chocolate dapples on his cheeks to meet with his lower eyelashes.

"You never noticed that before?! Wow, Jack, you're not very observant, are you?" He pants, trying to recover from his utter case of the giggles whilst his elbow buries into my rib cage, a spike of uncomfortable twisting being thrown up my nervous system, causing me to squirm slightly from under his arm. Oh God, I shouldn't have done that! Realization soon flickers over Hiccup's face whilst his adorable smile of joy plucks into a grin of mischief as he studies my face, his eyes narrowed to project a lust to cause trouble. "Jack, you don't happen to be ticklish, do you?" My stomach tightens as he figures out what I've been trying to keep this a secret from him for so long; I knew that he'd use it to his advantage if he were to ever find out, something that's just occurred. Now, there's no preventing his next move.

Without warning, he suddenly dives onto me, both of his hands flying to my sides as his fingers grasp at them with a sprinkled touch that causes my reflex of uncontrollable laughter to begin, pants being emitted from me as he continues to tickle me without any kind of end, both of us just laughing at one another as his fingers bury deeper into the folds of my clothing, desperately clawing at the chance to make me uncomfortable.

"H-Hiccup! S-stop! I can't... I can't breathe!" Though I try to reach him with exasperated words, they're occasionally severed by giggles that fall from my control, ones that partner Hiccup's as his mission of trying to get me to subside and just accept my punishment for allowing him to figure out my secret ticklish side gets a little out of hand. However, I'm not focusing on the sensation of every single one of my nerves tingling around where his hands are placed any more; I end up finding myself captivated in his forest-green irises as they shimmer in the dim light with such a beautiful essence of glee, you'd think that nothing could ever have gone wrong in his life, a constant aura of contentment dancing about on his soft features whilst they're being shadowed by the amber hue of the flickering light-bulb overhead. Just as the day that I met him, his auburn hair still manages to throw itself about flawlessly, even as he's pinning me down so that I don't thrash about under his tickling hands. At least, until I feel his right hand grasp around my left forearm so that he can keep my body plastered to the floor, his nimble fingers digging into the underside of it until one falls directly onto one of my fresh cuts. I can't help but cry out in pain, bringing about the event that's probably going to change my life forever.

****Hiccup's P.O.V****

As soon as my hand finds and clamps down upon Jack's left forearm, a yelp of agony rips through the air, which was once dense with our laughter until I caused something to happen, something that I wasn't expecting in any way; I hurt him. However, as my eyes fall to Jack's, a sorrowful tone wavering in his azure irises, which are also gradually beginning to well up with crystallized tears, I begin to connect the dots that I refused to join earlier on today when I found that razor in the bathroom, something within my stomach falling right to the depths as every ounce of air is siphoned from my lungs. _No_. It can't be; I'd already concluded that Jack's not like that!

However, until I ask, there's no way that I'll be able to find out the truth from him, even though I have a good idea as to what it already is and I'm not ready to accept it; I don't want to find out that he does what I think he does.

"Jack, give me your arm," I murmur, my tone completely solemn to match my mood, which has dropped to the floor along with the entire atmosphere of the room, nothing but a terrifying feeling of fear cloaking the air surrounding both of us as I take my place on Jack's abdomen, still in the process of pinning him down as we still haven't quite grasped the notion that the time for fun is over. However, as I'm crawling off of him, I don't miss the single tear rolling from his eye as it races down his cheek, the light catching on it and causing it to reflect a bronze hue as it leaves a trail on the skin of his face, his irises constantly quivering with what seems to be terror as he cradles his left arm protectively.

"I don't want to," he says with a whimper accompanying his voice, which I find to also be trembling as the tears that are beginning to become even more frequent take an effect on the rest of his system, his whole body starting to shake ever so slightly as fear begins to rule him, only emphasizing the curiosity, as well as the ever growing sense of loss, to swell inside me. As he tilts his head towards the floor, I make a light grab for his chin so that he doesn't break his eyes away, my own falling upon his face as I force him to look at me. Just as predicted, every single feature is completely overridden with utter terror, as if just the thought alone of whatever lies underneath the sleeves of his hoodie is enough to send his whole system into a panic.

"Please, Jack," I mutter soothingly, the thumb of my right hand gliding over his cheekbone in consolation as I try to ignore the war that's raging in his eyes; it's as if he's considering how whatever he's hiding from me will effect the entire scale of the universe if he reveals it to me, only making that knot in my stomach double in size. Is it really something that's so bad that he's scared to confide in _me_?!

Eventually, with reluctant and trembling hands, his eyes breaking from mine as if he can't bear to look at me for much longer, he raises his left arm slightly in acceptance for me to take, which I do with a gentle touch as opposed to the previous rough one that I used, my fingers curling around the slender limb and cradling it as if it's made from pure glass and could shatter at any minute. Fear prickles within me as my hand places itself on the edge of his sleeve, which meets at the wrist to conceal anything that may lie underneath, cloaked in the cobalt fabric that has splinters of frost dashing through the stitching, which catches the light in a similar way to his hair, turning any element of silver to copper as the amber hue distorts all colour. When I pry away the material, I'm met with a sight that I hoped that I'd never see upon his arms.

Striped up his skin, racing to where his hoodie cuts off all view of how many more there may possibly be, are many scars taking the simple form of horizontal lines that begin at the space just above his wrists, the patterns plastering almost every inch to the point where I'm unable to tell what's scar and what's normal skin. Why did he never tell me about this; as his friend and room-mate, I have a right to know about these kinds of things so that I can help him through it! Why didn't he just say something?! Unable to stop myself as

curiosity gradually envelops me, I begin pulling his sleeve further up his forearm until the rim rests on his elbow, the pattern of pink stripes repeating over and over and causing me to fall deeper into utter shock and despair; I was sure that what I had deduced earlier was false, that he would never self-harm and that the blood had gotten on that razor some other way.

However, this is obviously not true, that much I can see clearly. Is the other one the same as well? How far do they go; for all I know, his whole body is covered in them! "Oh, Jack," I whimper, my fingers slipping over his skin with a soft touch so that I don't cause any more harm to him, my eyes constantly dashing back and forth over the repetitive cycle of scars that I still long to be nothing but a fantasy that's been created by my over-tired mind. However, by the gentle sobs emitting from Jack, I know that this isn't a mere illusion; these are all too real. "Are there more?" I question as delicately as I can; I know that revealing this information to me is something that's causing him extreme pain since the subject must be agonizing to dwell upon, however, if I want to even begin helping him, I need to understand the scale of the issue a little better in order to begin aiding him in recovering from this problem. I'd love to say that's it's already been solved, however, it's evident that this isn't the case when I notice a couple of scarlet trails lying upon his skin, ones that look to be freshly cut and extremely painful. I can't even bear to wonder if that's what he actually came back to the room to do earlier today, the thought making me want to completely break down.

Without actually answering my question directly, Jack merely begins to tug his hoodie over the top of his head, a few muffled sniffs sounding from within the depths of the fabric as it reveals that which Jack has probably never shown to anyone before, making me the first person that he's trusting with this secret. Much to my despair, when he discards the hoodie, placing it next to him on the floor as if he feels the need to have it close for consolation, I instantly realize that the other arm is exactly the same, completely riddled with the repetitive pink stripes that race up the entirety of both arms, finally fading out around his lower biceps. He merely continues to silently cry as I try to absorb this news, my mind unable to keep up with every single thought that's trying to force its way to the front in this moment in time. So, instead, I do something that not even I expected to be my own reflex.

Softly cupping his left hand in my own, I raise his arm slightly until it's mere inches from my face, allowing me to pick out more scars as I look even closer at the surface of his skin. Though the pain that they must've created was probably unbearable, I'm willing to bet that whatever caused them was even more so, forcing my heart to shatter with anger as I try to think of anyone who could possibly drive someone to go this far into depression to the point where almost every inch of his arms is coated in these faded lines, torn by agony of both mind and body. I can only think of one way to relieve him of this pain, and it begins with me pressing my lips to the first scar on his arm of many.

I repeat this process over and over, my lips peppering kisses along his entire forearm until they've managed to brush over each and every individual trail of pink, taking extra care when I reach the fresh ones as I know that they probably still sting immensely, a tinge of blood being tasted as my lips trace over them with a delicate embrace

that trails further up his arm. However, when I reach the end of the plastering of scars on his left limb, I transfer myself to the right, once again kissing every single slice of pain as if I'll be able to heal it with the peck of my own lips. All the while, Jack remains silent, as if he's unsure of how to respond as I continue to carry my mouth over his spindly limbs, ensuring that each scar is accounted for and has received the same tender care as the previous. However, it's only when my lips finally begin to break away from the areas that are rich with the remnants of cuts, does he finally break the silence that's only been filled with each inhale that I've made.

"H-Hiccup," he somewhat sighs as I now find my lips gliding over his collarbone, each kiss bringing a sweet tingle to my lips as they continue to press against his skin, ever trailing upwards until they're suckling gently at his neck with a soft passion that managed to fill me as soon as they made contact with his arm in the first place. Now, I crave even more, once again ascending in order to meet with his jawline as I lace my lips over his skin, his hand now placed on the back of my neck whilst his fingers curls themselves around the roots of my hair, slight gasps of pleasure escaping his system every so often whilst I nip lightly at his bottom lip, preparing myself for what all of this has been leading up to.

Eventually, both of us are locked together with arms weaved around one another's bodies, my hands taking care as they trace over Jack's arms once again, trying my hardest to ignore the scars that lie underneath them so that I can just enjoy this moment, Jack's delicate lips pressed against my own, just like his form as we tangle ourselves together, not intending to break apart now that's we're joined in this seal of passion. For a few minutes, he suckles at my bottom lip as I get a feel for his, finding each tiny crease, rise and fall with each time that we refresh the pressure of which we're using against one another, the force never getting too overwhelming, yet refusing to die out as well.

However, to my dismay, we end up pulling away from one another, though I keep my forehead rested upon his as I hold him in my arms, cradling him against my form whilst I place a tiny peck on the end of his nose, causing possibly the smallest smile that I've ever seen to weave onto Jack's mouth, one that I long to have against my own again with almost every fiber of my being; I think that kissing him was possibly one of the peaks of my life. It was like we connected with one another in that moment; I felt his pain through the way that he reacted to my touch, both hesitant, yet eager all at once. I felt his longing as he gave into my lips mere seconds after they were placed upon his own. Someone like Jack, someone who's truly vulnerable when you peel away the layers, doesn't deserve this pain any more.

"Jack, I'm here for you. I promise, I'll never leave you to fight this alone again."

* * *

><p>***AN*****

_**Awwwwweeeeeeeeeeeeeee! I'm sawwy but c'mon, how can I not squeal at that?! Seriously, I don't care if people think that it's poorly written; I just love Hijack fluff with all of my little heart! I hope you guys enjoyed it and look forward to the next chapter where

everything starts to pick up for once!**_

**Author: Jack? Hiccup? Where are you guys?**

**Hiccup: In here!**

**Jack: *Hic, don't tell her!***

_**Author: I heard that! I swear I'm gonna kick your
freaking-**_

**Hijack: -making out-**

**Author: -faints from perfection overdose-**

**Hiccup: Haha, I knew that'd shut her up for a bit!**

**Hijack: -in hysterics-**

_**Jack: See y'all in the next chapter, though it'll take a while to
revive Emily so you'll have to sit tight!**_

**Hijack: Byeeeeee! **

5. Chapter 5: Where It All Started

_Hiccup: Jack, I don't think that's how you're supposed to wake a
knocked-out person!_

Jack: Hey, I know what I'm doing! *shakes author roughly*

_Hiccup: Stop it, Jack; she'll never wake up if you keep doing
that!_

Author: *snaps awake* ugh, what happened?

_Jack: You walked in on us doing this *grabs Hiccup and kisses
him*_

Author: *passes out again from cuteness overdose*

Hiccup: OH WELL DONE!

Jack: Sorry, I wasn't thinking!

Hiccup: I can see that! Now what?!

Jack: Let's just write the chapter ourselves!

Author: *snaps awake (again)* LIKE HELL YOU WILL!

Hiccup: Did you mean to wake her like that?

Jack: If I say yes, will you stop yelling at me?!

_Author: Guys, this author's note is way too long! Just say the thing
and then you can sort out your issues!_

Hijack: Enjoy the chapter!

Author: What they said...

* * *

><p>Jack's P.O.V

When I pry my being from the gripping claws of a dreamless slumber, the light that filters in through the parted curtains instantly attacks my eyes as soon as they crack open to greet the morning. Though I long to enjoy a pleasant awakening, my mind is sent into panic when I realize that my arms lack that which I constantly cloak them in, my cobalt hoodie lying in a crumpled pile next to my bed as opposed to being draped over my form. With a sharp intake of breath to emphasize my worry, I reach out for the discarded item of clothing when a gentle grasp curls around my forearm, bringing me to a sudden stop when I take a second to realize that there's another body pressed against my back, lacing my exposed skin with the warmth that's provided from his as he cradles me in his arms.

"It's alright, Jack. You don't have to hide them from me any more." When his voice treads softly into my ear, I roll my body until it rests on my left shoulder as opposed to my right, his embrace never falling as I turn to face him with a sense of utter relief and content filling me the second that my gaze falls upon his mint eyes, which flicker in the morning sunlight. I can't help but allow my pulse to quicken with glee as I remember back to last night, the events that took place feeling like something from one of my wildest and craziest dreams, ones of which I never expected to become reality. However, here I lay, tangled in Hiccup's arms as he holds me against him with a consoling embrace.

"Sorry. Last night just felt like a dream," I murmur, my eyes meeting with his from under my mess of ivory hair as if I'm too shy to look him directly in the face; for so long, I've wished to allow Hiccup to know my feelings about him, as well have them returned and, now that that's happened, I can barely believe it to be reality. In response, his forehead connects with mine whilst a smile tickles on his lips, ones that were pressed to mine only a mere few hours ago in a lock that brought me so much contentment. Just the sight of his smirk makes one weave onto my mouth as well as I feel a kiss being placed on the tip of my nose, just like he did last night before he made me a promise that couldn't possibly mean any more to me than it already does; he's the only person to ever say such a thing and be willing to help me with what I'm going through.

"How so?" He seems to purr in a tone that makes me feel as if I'm melting in his arms, his voice flowing through my ears like the river of satin that's it's always been to me. With my teeth catching my bottom lip, I nestle my head into his neck whilst his arms tighten lightly around me, as if he's intent on keeping me in his embrace for as long as he possibly can. Just before I bury my face into his skin, I leave a little gap of room for my words to sound; I don't exactly want to say them as a muffled mess after all.

"It felt too good to be true." With a giggle that floats into the air surrounding our tangled up bodies sounding adorably from Hiccup, I finally allow my features to nestle their way into his skin, my lips now taking their turn in getting a feel for his neck, kisses being laced in the same area in a repetitive cycle that causes what seem to

be gasps of pleasure to escape him as he gives in to the sensation, his arms once again tightening their grip around my shoulders as I continue to suckle at his neck.

"Jack," he breathes with an exasperated sigh managing to wriggle its way out of his mouth between his sounds of contentment as my lips continue to dance over his skin in a passionate symphony that refuses to cease until I see it fit; last night, I was too shocked to form a proper response to Hiccup's actions which further prevented me from returning his acts of care. However, now that I can accept the fact that all of the events that occurred before weren't just a fiction invented by my mind that longed to have Hiccup as my own, I'm finally able to return the favor that he presented me with. "Jack, it's 8:45! We're going to be late for class!" Hiccup suddenly exclaims, his emerald eyes flickering over my shoulder towards the clock that lies on the wall, its digits being displayed on a digital 24 hour clock, one that's currently blaring the stated time to both of us as we take a final moment of peace before chaos breaks out.

"Shit!" I yelp, tearing myself out of the bed so that both of us can get ready and changed as quickly as possible; class has already begun, meaning that Hiccup and I are going to be unforgivably late if we don't get there within at least the next ten minutes! With no hesitation, my hand dives into the drawer that lies under my bed, grasping at the first pair of pants that I can find, being my typical chocolate skinnies, as well as ensnaring a pair of plain black boxers in my fingers. Finally, I bundle up an ivory tank in my arms before darting towards the bathroom, everything rushing by in a blur of panic that has managed to consume both of us within the space of one minute! However, just before I slam the door behind me, I allow my eyes to linger on the sight of Hiccup's shirtless body, his lightly tanned form littered with thousands of dapples that weave across his shoulder-blades forcing my bottom lip to tuck under my teeth in admiration, before I finally allow the door to slowly fall to a close.

As per a usual day, college drags by as nothing but an indecipherable haze that I'd care not to remember as it mainly consisted of Hiccup and I having to act as if none of last night even happened into existence, mostly out of the fear of what others would think of us, but also partially due to the fact that there's a 'no petting' rule in class, meaning that, even if no one cared about sharing a classroom with homosexuals, we still wouldn't even be able to show any affection towards one another without being scolded. Stupid rules; what's so wrong about being in love?! However, now, the day is over, and I have Hiccup all to myself as we take a place tucked behind the bleachers that house themselves outside of the main building, a classic place for couples to hang out after an entire day of being unable to present their feelings for the other due to the suffocation of the college rules. Though winter is on its way, nips of autumn's chilling breath catching at my exposed hands and causing them to form a slightly pink hue over splotches of my skin, I don't seem to notice it when curled up underneath this structure with my knees hugged to my chest, Hiccup mirroring my position as he takes his place opposite me. I take a few seconds to enjoy the small little hisses he makes when he shivers, releasing mesmerizing puffs of ivory fog as the warmth captivated inside of his mouth wriggles free through the gaps of his teeth, before I finally curl one of my hands around his own, my right taking his left to break the distance between us.

"Today was such a drag," he murmurs with irritation lacing his tone, obviously frustrated over the fact that affection is prohibited during class hours, as he gradually unfolds from his warmth-conserving ball so that he can tuck me under his arm, my form finding consolation as I fit into his embrace with no issues at all. Whilst I absorb a little of the heat provided by his body, I allow my own body to release itself from its curled up state, my legs stretching out a couple of inches more than Hiccup's, though only barely as I notice that he seems to have grown since the start of the month. I wonder if he'll eventually exceed me in height; I know for a fact that I'm not going to get any taller, but I'm not so sure about him since he seems to be gaining height with each passing day, making me ponder over what he does with his prosthetic leg when his body receives a few extra centimeters. I guess that there's some cool trick that he does to adjust it to adapt; it seems like the most logical solution that my brain can conjure as it's decided that it wants to shut down for the rest of the day after being pushed to work as hard as possible during each one of my classes today.

"Yeah, it was. But this, right here, makes it worth putting up with," I whisper in reply, that last part beckoning forth a flirtatious tone that encourages a light giggle to pass from Hiccup's lips as he nuzzles his face into my neck, the wisps of warmth produced from his breath lacing over my skin with their delicate fingers. Due to being outrageously ticklish, even the tiny tingles of air are enough to force a giggle to escape me, my own features finding a home in his hair so as to conceal my reaction towards feeling slight discomfort just from Hiccup's breath alone. Seriously, how are my nerves so sensitive to things like this?! Noticing my form slightly flinching from being unintentionally tickled, Hiccup pulls away from my neck, though that slither of a smirk never falls from his lips as I tuck my bottom one under my teeth, my face plucked into an expression of contentment as I allow my eyes to meet with his forest-green ones, though they seem to have a hint of amber to them due to the tantrum of citrus hues provided by the sun as it begins its descent into slumber.

"Wow, you're that ticklish?!" He exclaims with a laugh constantly fresh in his joking tone, one that tugs a giggle from my own lips until we're both gasping breaths of laughter, my body slowly folding back onto Hiccup's as his caring arms cradle me against him, my head and nest of silver hair resting over his chest whilst the rest of my form is draped over to the side, a steady pounding of a healthy heart throbbing against my ear when silence cloaks the air. However, not only do I feel that; I also notice the surrounding atmosphere beginning to thicken, as if there's something that one of us longs to get off of their mind. And, since it's not me, it can only be that Hiccup's got something to share, his fingers tangling around strands of my ivory hair before he finally forms the words. "Jack, I'm curious. Why did you... you know... er-"

"-Start self-harming?" I finish for him, the subject obviously bringing him great discomfort to discuss with me, most likely because he's afraid that he'll trigger something if he so much as mentions it at all in my presence, though his concern and longing to get a better grasp on my life is understandable. And, though it brings me pain to even think about, I have to tell him; how can I just go on being with him if he doesn't even know the truth about my life and the reasons for doing what I do when I just can't take the pressure any

longer?

"Um... yeah," he mutters, an evident tone of guilt filling his voice as the atmosphere grows dense with a slight aura of awkwardness that won't be eradicated until we both just get what we want to say and know into the open air as soon as possible. Encasing his hand once more in my own, the fingers of his other still twiddling about with my hair, I allow myself to form the story into words that will finally open up my life to him, once and for all.

"Well, as you already know, my dad hated me, still does, as did everyone at school. I had no friends, no one to confide in. I was all alone, all because of something that wasn't my fault. People never saw the start of my life as being my birth; it was always my mother's death. Everyone held it against me, hating me because their parents were all so close to her; apparently, everyone knew my mom and she was a wonderful woman. To them, I was what killed her, so they turned against me from the moment I took my first breaths and she took her last. I was bullied at school, mostly by Pitch, called names, dubbed as a mistake, a murderer, pathetic, worthless. The list was endless.

And then there was my dad. Most nights, he'd beat me, scream and shout at me for taking the woman that he loved away from him, that I'd be better off never being born at all. I guess it didn't help that he was always drunk, trying to drown his sorrows in the alcohol that took possession of his mind. But, even through all of that, I'm willing to bet that not all of the abuse that he put me through was done during a drug-induced haze. As a child, I could only conceive one possible way to rid myself of the pain that he was putting me through, and that was to harm myself in the hope that I'd become immune to it. By the time I realized that the pain was purely emotional, well, it was too late.

Self-harming isn't something that you can just stop, especially if it's been going on for such a long time. That's why I started, and Pitch being here is the reason that I probably won't be able to stop. But I think that, now that you're here for me, Hiccup, things are going to pick up a little. I can only hope; I don't want to do this to myself any more. I want to be normal for once in my life." It takes a few seconds of pulling myself out of my horrific past to notice that Hiccup's body is shifting under my own, his hands grasping for mine and consoling them in their warmth, my own form moulding into a sitting position so that I can come face to face with him. And, when I do, I'm quick to discover the silver tears brimming his eyes, forming a glaze over his emerald irises that shimmers in the soft hue of sunset.

"I'll help you through this, Jack! I promise, I won't let anyone hurt you ever again," his words are broken up by trembling breaths to partner his quivering voice as the emotional pain of my life takes its effects on him, the first tear rolling out of his eye to begin its race down his cheek, leaving behind a crystal ribbon that's illuminated citrus by the light. His words alone are enough to make something within me stir, like if I don't focus on it, I'll just break down into an uncontrollable fit of tears in his arms right here and now; I don't think anyone will ever understand how much this means to me, to finally have someone to care for me and actually provide me with a sense of belonging. Because I do. I belong with Hiccup, the first and only person to accept me for who I am: a

scarred kid in need of consolation. To display my gratitude, I quickly lean in to press my lips to his, the velvet touch instantly created as they trace over one another as if it's the most natural thing in the world, our arms tangling around one another just like how we awoke this morning, trapping each other in our arms until we couldn't possibly be any closer, our chests that hold our pounding hearts connecting within mere seconds into the kiss.

After about a minute has passed of us remaining locked at the lips whilst being wrapped in a warm embrace that counters the chilling air that tries to weave its way between us, we decide to take a quick breath, the tears beginning to fade from Hiccup's eyes as some are beckoned to my own due to the sheer happiness of finally finding my place in this messed up and twisted world in which we dwell. Once all breath has been caught, we once again join our lips, mine gently suckling at his bottom one whilst his merely lace over my upper, stirring up a torrent of emotions within my head and heart, though I force them out of the way so that I can focus on the present and enjoy having Hiccup's lips upon my own for the second time since we met.

"Hiccup?!" I sudden exclamation makes Hiccup and I jolt out of our kiss, both of our bodies jumping from the eruption of a voice that's unknown to me, but definitely not to my auburn-haired boyfriend as his mint eyes go wide with complete shock, as well as pure fear when they seek out the speaker who so rudely interrupted us. When I allow my own eyes to fall to the same direction in which he's looking, I can barely make out the features of the figure who's towering over us both with a look of utter perplexity upon her stunned face. All I can make out are a pair of wide, azure eyes that seem to glisten with a slightly violet hue in the amber light, as well as a blonde-turned-bronze braid weaving its way down the right side of her body, before my sights are torn from her upon Hiccup's next outburst, notifying me of just who has witnessed what we've both become to one another.

"Astrid!"

* * *

><p>***AN*****

OOOOOOHHHHHH New challenger approaches and Astrid joins the battle :D (I've been playing a lot of Smash Bros 4 OK?! Don't judge me! ._.) But yeah, now that Astrid's on the scene, what do you think she's gonna think? I mean, she kinda made it clear, but I wanna hear what you guys have to say about it ^u^ Oh and can we just talk about Jack's more in-depth back-story ;_? I'm sorry, but I love hitting people with the feels stick :D (though I end up getting a round of them as well) I hope da fluff made up for it tho n.n

Astrid: Tch, you think you know a guy...

Hiccup: C'mon, Astrid!

Jack: Who even is this girl?

Hiccup: Childhood friend...

Jack: Oooooooh you're in the shit!

****Hiccup: Thank you, for pointing that out...****

****See y'all in the next chapter, which should hopefully be uploaded quicker than this one... but I got serious block this past few weeks. However, I now I have a week off to write gay fanfiction so my life is pretty much complete ^u^ Love you all and see you in the next chapter!****

****Hijack: Later! ****

****Astrid: ...****

6. Chapter 6: Accept Me or Deny Me?

A/N

I am so so so so sorry for the wait that must've felt like forever (it did for me, I'll tell you that right now!) I mean, last chapter was updated when SMASH BROS 3DS had JUST COME OUT! What?! But, I'm back, even though the chapter is so short, which I'm sorry for but it's necessary to make the story flow a little better :3

Jack: FINALLY! WE'RE BACK! JESUS IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH!

_Author: Well __excuuuuuse __me! It's not my fault that school wants to ruin my life! Deal with it._

Hiccup: She's right, Jack; we should give her a chance!

Jack: -pouting like a child- Yeah but I miss the readers...

Hiccup: So do I, Jack, but we gotta be understanding here, right?

Jack: I guess...

Author: Thank you, boys. What would I do without you?

-group hug-

_All: __ENJOY THE CHAPTER!_

* * *

><p>Hiccup's P.O.V

"Astrid, wait!" I cry during the process of scrambling from my place, being tangled in Jack's arms, so that I can make even a slight attempt to explain to Astrid what she just saw before fleeing from the scene with complete disbelief flooding her features to manipulate them into a mould of fury. I need to get this sorted quickly; if she goes blabbing to everyone about this, I know that word will eventually reach the ears of the person that I want to know the least by some means. In this modern-day world, everyone's connected, so there's no telling how easily 'gossip' will spread, though now that things such as Facebook exist, it'll probably take a mere few days at the most. I need to stop her from relaying the event that she just

witnessed before it's too late! "Astrid!" I shout again, now on my feet and stumbling after her, almost tripping over my own legs in the process as my desperate scramble for my own stability seems to be fruitless, causing me to chase after her like a drunken platypus. However, I'm soon forced to a stop when she whirls around to meet my eyes, her own completely enraged as her eerily cobalt irises quiver in the wavering amber sunlight, causing fear to suddenly pulse through my being with an unpleasant jolt.

"When were you planning to tell me, Hiccup?! This isn't just something that you keep from someone you've known your whole life! You could've at least let me know that you had a boyfriend," her voice, thick with not only disbelief, but also hurt towards the fact that I was concealing news such as this, tears through what was once the silent area, an understandable rage also managing to accompany the many different tones that hold a place within her words. I can't help but feel terrible about not telling her about something as big as this; I know that if she'd have done this to me, then I'd probably be as pissed as she is, however, I'm willing to bet that she doesn't know my true reason for not telling her about my relationship with Jack.

"I didn't even know until last night, Astrid! I know it's a shock but you don't have to freak out this much. Just calm down and let me explain." Hoping that it will calm her rage and eradicate the sense of betrayal that she's projecting towards me, I ensure that my tone possesses a soothing quality that usually settles even the densest of furies; sometimes, it's my last resort of getting through to her when she seems to be beyond the point of settlement.

"Fine! But it better be good," she retorts, obvious anger now completely overriding her tone as she speaks to me in a bitter voice full of what seems to be hurt, as if she feels like me getting together with Jack without uttering a word to her has broken some kind of sacred vow between us. I need to make her see reason, so I start with the facts that will probably make her the most understanding in the current situation, given that she knows someone who has knowledge of how it feels. And, though I'm not sure if Jack will forgive me for this, I'm confident that I can trust Astrid with anything as long as she knows that it's to be kept from all ears apart from our own.

"Last night, I found out something horrible, okay? Something to do with Jack and I want to help him overcome it, and the only way I can do that is if I stay by his side no matter what. I don't care what people think, or if society excludes me for how I feel, or even that we've been this way for less than a day; I really care about him." With those final words, I see even single inch of Astrid's face soften whilst I desperately try to settle my hammering pulse as it thuds roughly in my fingertips, though my heart begins to slow when I notice the look that's now covering her irises and returning them to their lighter azure colour, though it's still obscured by a citrus hue. She believes me. Yet, even through the now calmed composure, her eyes suddenly widen as if in fear and her hands grasp for my arms, locking me in a steel grip whilst she just stares at me with definite terror in her irises.

"Hiccup, what's your dad gonna say?! You know how opinionated he is! If he finds out about this-"

"-He won't find out!" I exclaim a little louder than intended, tearing my arms free from her grasp so that she can't fill me with the same sense of panic that's possessing her mind, as well as her actions; she's worried for me and, for that, I can't blame her, though I wish not to mutually feel this way because I'm determined to avoid it. If I want to help Jack overcome his self-harming issues, I can't afford to allow emotions such as fear and worry to overcome me. It's best that I build up a resistance whilst I can. Just as I'd like, Astrid's expression once again slackens, as does her grip, until I'm able to take back my own arms and allow them to hang them by my sides again.

"Whatever you say, Hiccup. But I've known you, and him, for the entirety of my life, and if he finds out, there's no way he'll let it continue." Her tone is now as smooth as I'd like it to be, though it's not enough to soften the truth behind her statement; she's right. My dad isn't exactly the most open-minded person so, if he ever did find out that I was dating someone, let alone another guy, there's no way that he'd let it go forward. I can't let him know, for the sake of my relationship with Jack, which will be torn apart if it's discovered by him.

"I know. Just please don't say anything to anyone; Jack already has enough teasing to deal with without having something like this thrown in as well." Just as I'm pleading her to keep this information concealed, a pair of extremely thin arms slither around my waist from behind, his hands locking together over my abdomen whilst I hold them there, latching on to what little heat Jack's body radiates as it's pressed against mine. I watch Astrid's eyes flicker up slightly to meet with Jack's face, and I can see the obvious hesitance to completely accept that her life-long friend is actually homosexual, something that I can understand since news as big as this must be difficult to adapt to at first. However, just to make things worse for Astrid, yet better for me, he buries his head into my neck until my cheek is able to nestle into the ivory strands of his hair, a smile plucking on my lips beckoned from the sensation of having our bodies tangled together.

"You really do care about each other, huh?" Astrid remarks, much to the surprise of both Jack and I as we both halt our display of affection to gawp at her in disbelief; is she seriously OK with this? Wow, that was fast. "I mean, I guess it's gonna be hard to get used to, but I'm not gonna ruin this for you guys." As we recover from our innate response of shock, we resume our previous position however I keep my eyes on Astrid whilst she throws a smirk in my direction, one that I've gotten to know throughout my life; it's her way of saying 'you're forgiven'.

"Thanks, Astrid," I murmur before she eventually turns her back to us in order to proceed back into the main block of the college, holding up a hand to wave us both goodbye as she goes. I can't really sum up the welling relief that's beginning to fill me from the tips of my toes right to the top of the last strand of fly-away hair. I was so worried that she wouldn't accept us, that she'd disown me as a friend for keeping something like this a secret from her, though, granted, I didn't exactly have long to let her know, unless you count the time that I spent falling for Jack since we met. Probably; it was most likely the first sign that I was showing interest in my own gender beyond the boundaries of friendship. Even still, I should've counted on Astrid to deal with it without resorting to such means, which

warms my heart; I've chosen my friends well. However, just before she enters the building, Jack's lips subconsciously brushing against the skin of my neck whilst we wait for her to leave, she turns back to us with a playful grin on her face, making me wonder just what it is that she has on her mind. What's she up to?

"Good luck on hiding this from your dad during the break, Hic. See ya in about a week!"

* * *

><p>AN**_

**Sooooo... I told you this chapter was short, but, like I said, it's gonna help the story flow much better (I was going to include something else into this chapter but it didn't really seem right just plonking it in here)**

**I'm super sorry but I hope you can forgive me; next chapter, we're going to be meeting a very significant character who's gonna keep a very close eye on his son and the boy that's staying in his house for the next week whilst they're on October break x'D This is gonna be fun (and hilarious bc cockblocks)**

**Peace out, my lovely peeps!XxX**

**Hiccup: Oh Gods, Jack, how're we gonna go a whole week keeping this a secret?**

**Jack: Ummm... Do the whole 'meeting at a wall at midnight' like Romeo and Juliet?**

**Hiccup: Wait... is this what this story is, Emily? Just Romeo and Juliet but gay?**

**Author: Hmm? What? I couldn't hear you over my DVD of the latest Romeo and Juliet!**

**Jack: Motherfucker's basing our life off of Shakespeare!**

**Hiccup: Jack! That's so harsh!**

**Jack: But she is, Hic! I can't believe this...**

**Hiccup: Well... I'm sure that Emily won't kill either of us so there's that to hope for, right?**

**Author: Yeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaah... -looks awkwardly away-**

...

...

...

**Hijack: WHAT?!**

**Author: Until next time!**

End
file.